

WEEKLY COURIER.

C. DOANE, Publisher.

JASPER. INDIANA.

HE THINKS HE'S THINKING.

You know him well, you've seen him oft;
The man who holds his head aloft;
And keeps his eyelids winking;
He meets with little sympathy.
This man who would a thinker be,
This duncie who thinks he's thinking.

He to his friends has naught to say
The while he strolls along Broadway;
From them he's always shrieking;
He knows them, yet he sees them not,
Right past them he will briskly trot,
This wretch who thinks he's thinking.

Each morning for an hour he'll stand
With plate-glass mirror in his hand,
Indulging in much prinking;
For, though his friends he fails to see,
Upon himself he'll gaze with glee,
This ass who thinks he's thinking.

Sometimes he'll at the corner wait,
As if deciding nation's fate,
Outstretched ideas linking
Together, all devoid of sense,
For common mortals too intense,
This fool who thinks he's thinking.

The while he in the street car sits,
His bulging brows he tightly knits,
And keeps his orbs a-blinking;
His stupid glances upward aim,
He holds himself a child of Fame,
This dolt who thinks he's thinking.

I've watched him sitting at his lunch;
And while his sandwich he doth munch,
His glass of cider drinking,
He stares around with vacant gaze,
As if recalling distant days,
This fraud who thinks he's thinking.

But, if he'er falls overboard,
And straight a rope to him is lowered,
To rescue him from sinking,
You'll see him seize it every time,
And to the deck he'll quickly climb,
For now he's really thinking.

—Addison F. Andrews, in Journalist.

QUEER DETECTIVE WORK.

How the Big Stores Find Out What Rivals Are Doing.

Clerks Sent Out on Bargain-Purchasing Tours—Efforts That Are Made to Walk Their Designs—Hustle Is the Word.

The proprietor of one of the largest dry-goods stores on Fourteenth street sat in his office last Monday morning looking over some marked advertisements in the Sunday newspapers. Presently he rang for the superintendent and that gentleman came in.

"Mr. Johnson," said the merchant, "these advertisements that I have marked here are worth inquiring into. It seems that some of our competitors are offering special inducements at this time in the matter of holiday goods. Attend to this at once, please, and let me hear from you."

Mr. Johnson bowed, took the papers and walked out. He devoted about half the next hour to carefully reading over the advertisements referred to by his employer. Then Mr. Johnson turned around and, nodding to one of his clerks in his office, said:

"Miss Williams, in the brick-and-brac department. Tell her I would like to see her at once."

The clerk went out, and in a few moments returned with a young woman. She was a very pretty, demure and innocent-looking girl. She was well-dressed, and seemed to know why she was sent for. She looked up at the proprietor with an inquiring glance.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Miss Williams," said Mr. Johnson, "I will have to send you out again to-day."

Miss Williams simply nodded, smilingly, and then Mr. Johnson took the marked papers and spread them out before her. A long conversation followed. Miss Williams made notes from the advertisements as she read them and repeated them over to herself a number of times as though committing them to memory. The superintendent said to her:

"Now, I would like to be able to report this matter to the firm by to-morrow, and if you are very busy you will be able to get around to all these parties to-day before six o'clock."

Miss Williams now withdrew to the room in which the clerks hung their wraps. In a few moments she came out with bonnet, gloves and wrap, looking not unlike many of the stylish young women who were coming in to start their day's shopping. When she stepped out into the street she looked up and down for a moment as though undecided which way to go. Then she purged up her pretty lips into a pout, nodded her head in a knowing way and tripped off at a lively pace toward Fifth avenue. She had not gone far before she saw a throng of shoppers going into one of the big stores. She followed in their wake, and although the crowd in front of her was very large she managed in some way to get near the front at each counter with very little difficulty. At one of the counters she remained for some time.

"I want to see some of that surah silk you have advertised," she said.

The clerk took down several bolts of the silk and she examined it critically.

"Thank you," she said.

A moment later she was at another counter, where large wax dolls were being disposed of to a hungry crowd of shoppers. There were several clerks at this counter and the floor-walker also appeared to be standing there. He let her fall upon Miss Williams and he seemed to recognize her. He stepped up to her, standing so that he was between her and the counter, and said, in a voice slightly tinged with sarcasm:

"Ah! how do you do, Miss Williams; very glad to see you."

Miss Williams drew herself up very rigidly, stared at the floor-walker in a most haughty manner, and said, very dignifiedly:

"Who are you, sir? I don't know you."

"What do you mean, sir, by addressing me?"

"Well," said the floor-walker, "I thought I recognized you as the Miss Williams who once was employed here as a cash girl."

"No, sir. I am a cash girl. I am not the

person, sir, at all. I don't know you. Am I to be insulted?"

"Oh, no; I did not mean to insult you," said the floor-walker, taken somewhat aback by her grand airs. "I must have been mistaken."

Miss Williams bowed frigidly in recognition of his apology and pushed her way up to the counter. She bought several of the dolls after examining them very closely, paid for them and ordered them sent to a house in West Forty-fourth street. She stopped at several other counters and bought other articles, which she had sent to the same address.

In the meantime the floor-walker, whom she had so brusquely repulsed, had been talking to a young cash girl of more than usually intelligent appearance. Evidently he was not satisfied of his mistake so far as Miss Williams was concerned, for he said to the girl:

"You just follow her. Don't lose sight of her if it takes until to-morrow morning. If she goes into a house, wait for her. If she goes into a store follow her. If she stays there, find out whether she is a clerk or not. If she doesn't keep on following her until you run her down."

In consequence, when Miss Williams again went into the street the little cash girl was following her at a respectful distance. After her experience with the floor-walker, Miss Williams had become very wary. She had maintained with considerable success the haughty demeanor she had assumed, and even when she stepped out into the street she held her nose high in the air. But after she had gone about half a block, and had looked around several times to see if she was being followed, the success of her bluff tickled her so much that she burst out laughing. In a moment the laugh had departed and her face had resumed its usual demure expression, for she was sharp enough and experienced enough to know that such indulgence might prove fatal to her purpose. There were several other stores along Fourteenth street in which Miss Williams stopped, and at nearly every one she purchased something and had it sent to the Forty-fourth street house. She frequently referred, when her memory was at fault, to the notes she had made; but this was usually done on the street, and only with great caution within the stores.

From Fourteenth street she started up town on Sixth avenue. One of the first of the big stores that she came to was more than usually crowded because of certain advertisements that had appeared in the paper of the day before. Before entering this store Miss Williams spent several minutes in studying over her notes. As she looked up from them and was about to put them into her pocket her eye caught the young cash girl, who had been following her. There was hardly a change in her face to denote that she recognized the girl, and only for a moment did a shade of annoyance linger on her brow. Then she pretended to resume her study of the notes, but all the time she was watching the little girl out of the corners of her eyes. She had seen the girl in the store, and recognized her from this. It was now her aim to put the little one off her track. She put her notes into her pocket with a decided air and turned about as though to retrace her steps. The little girl did not budge. Miss Williams walked half a block away, then turned round as though undecided, and saw that the little girl had still not moved. For a moment Miss Williams was in doubt as to whether or not she had been mistaken. As she stood there outside the door the little girl looked at though she were waiting for her mother to come out, and not as if she were playing the detective. To make certain, Miss Williams decided upon another test. She turned quickly and walked around the corner, stopping so she could see through the windows of the corner store on to Sixth avenue. A minute passed and the little girl had not appeared. Miss Williams was about to return when she saw the cash girl come slowly up the avenue, apparently with no special idea in mind. Miss Williams stepped back into a doorway and waited to see if the girl would pass, but she was too wise for that. After having waited several minutes Miss Williams' stock of patience was exhausted, and she came out. There was the little girl standing on the corner, calm as ever, with just a little hint of a confident smile on her face.

"You little rogue," said Miss Williams to herself, "you knew I couldn't have gone to the other corner in so short a time, and so you waited for me to come out of hiding. Well, we will see."

Miss Williams walked right along now as though she had really had some business in the house from which she had emerged, and returned to the dry-goods store she had started to enter when interrupted by the little girl. But all her unpleasant experiences were not yet ended. She was examining some toys when a clerk said, sharply:

"See here, what store do you come from?"

"What do you mean," returned Miss Williams, again assuming the airs of a queen.

"Oh, I know you," returned the clerk. "I have seen you before."

"How dare you insult me," said Miss Williams. "I shall report you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the clerk. "I don't want to insult you, but I won't sell you any thing. You can not buy any thing here."

Several other customers who were standing near looked up in surprise, while the little cash girl, who had smuggled herself in, leaned up against the adjoining counter and grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, we will see about that," said Miss Williams. "Where is the superintendent?"

"Here, cash," said the clerk, calling up a little cash girl, "take this lady to the superintendent."

The clerk said this in a very sarcastic manner, and for once Miss Williams' anger and indignation were not feigned. She did not go to the superintendent, however, but tried to outwit the clerk by going to another part of the store.

The clerk was apprised of the fact, however, and got around in time to talk Miss Williams in her attempt to purchase. The clerk could not, of course, refuse absolutely to sell to her, but overcame

this obstacle by saying that every thing was sold. Miss Williams was followed from counter to counter, and finally gave up in despair, having been able to purchase only one article of the many she had started to get in this store.

With few exceptions, however, in the other stores she went to she found no difficulty in obtaining all that she desired. With the exception of a few minutes for lunch she was on her feet nearly the whole day. Several times she attempted to escape from the little girl who was following her, but each time was entirely unsuccessful. She stopped for half an hour at the house of a friend. When she came out she thought she had worn out the little girl's patience, for she was not in sight, but several minutes later the little girl bobbed up serenely, having spent the meantime munching cakes in a bakery across the way from a house at which Miss Williams had been visiting.

When Miss Williams finally turned up at the store from which she had started, the cash girl was close behind her. She saw Miss Williams go upstairs and report to the superintendent, and managed, through a shrewd question or two, to find that she was employed there. Then, with a knowing nod of the head and a self-satisfied smirk, she gave up the chase. Miss Williams had been comparatively successful, and there were many articles awaiting her at home. Having announced this to the superintendent, she went home, and the next morning came to the store at the usual hour with a written report of her entire experience and the samples she had obtained. These were critically examined by the superintendent, and then taken to the head of the firm.

Nearly every Monday clerks from the various dry-goods houses go through this same experience, so that it has become a recognized custom. It is the only way in which the big retail merchants can keep themselves informed as to the inducements offered by their rivals. Monday is especially selected because the greatest bargains are usually advertised on the day previous. The object more particularly is to see whether the goods are really sold as advertised, and to enable each merchant to see for himself whether he is being undersold by a competitor in any particular article. Rarely does the same clerk go out for more than two or three weeks in succession. When the articles he or she has purchased are brought to the merchant, he compares them with the announcements in the advertisements, and if any of them are sold cheaper than in his own store, then the buyers of those particular articles are likely to be hauled over the coals.

"Some clerks," said the superintendent of one of the big stores recently, "go beyond their orders. I remember a girl who had been buying up bargains for a firm up town some time ago. She came to us and secured employment for the mere purpose of getting our prices and turning them over to the other firm. Of course no reputable clerk would do that and neither would a reputable firm countenance it. A very amusing instance of one firm's picking up the bargains offered by another firm occurred about a year ago, when an up-town firm advertised Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for less money than we could buy it from the publishers. Every one of our clerks received orders when they went out to luncheon to buy one of those dictionaries. Unfortunately the clerks in other houses had received similar instructions, and the dictionaries were disposed of long before half our men had been able to get to the store."

Not only do the firms endeavor to keep track of the bargains offered by their rivals, but they are fully as much interested in the prices of the regular stock goods. These are just as apt to vary as the prices of special bargains.

—N. Y. Sun.

TWO ADMINISTRATIONS.

The Difference Between George Washington and Henry Harrison.

The hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the first President of the United States finds his place filled by a descendant of one of the men who worked with him for independence and freedom. The spirit which then governed in the conduct of the affairs of the Executive Department is indicated in the inaugural address of the first President.

"To the preceding observations I have one to add which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives," he said in concluding. "When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed, and being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department, and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require."

The spirit of the present Administration has been not less clearly indicated by the action of the President in appointing to the head of his Cabinet a man who, in trading on his trust as Speaker of the House of Representatives, wrote: "You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to that end."

The first President would not even take money from the Government for his own work. The present Administration finds it only natural to do its utmost to make all it can out of the arrangement into which it has entered. The President, drawing his full salary of \$50,000 a year, devotes himself to the work of earning it with zeal in finding lucrative places for his hordes of impetuous relatives. They make all they can out of the arrangement—from the President and his poor kin; from the Vice-President and his "buffet" with its twenty-cent whisky; from the Postmaster-General using his Cabinet place to advertise his bargain counter; from the Department of State with its puffs for wine dealers; from the Secretary of Agriculture with his advertisements for yeast powders, issued from the Government press as official documents, to the petty bosses of Missouri Congressional districts, who use their power as deputy presidents to sell fourth-class post-offices at \$25-\$35 cash and \$10 on delivery.

American history is full of sharp contrasts, but there are none sharper than that brought out by the memorial exercises in the House of Representatives the other day.—St. Louis Republic.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Death of Henry W. Grady, the Great Southern Orator and Editor.

Henry W. Grady, the brilliant young orator and editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is dead. During his recent visit to Boston to attend a banquet, at which ex-President Cleveland was a guest and a speech-maker, he contracted typhoid pneumonia, which developed immediately upon his return to Atlanta, and ended in his demise. Mr. Grady was the most conspicuous representative of the great South, and was beloved by all the people who claim that part of the United States as their home. He was only thirty-eight years of age, yet within the last ten years had achieved fame as an editor, as an orator of great eloquence and power and as a broad-minded man, who, while loving the South, yet recognized that the old war issues were dead, and that the duty of all Northern and Southern sons of the blood-bathed flag was to help the body of the people to forget the animosities and differences of the past and join hands in working for the future advancement of the whole country. He labored zealously for the best interests of his beloved South on this line, and the laying aside of sectionalism which has begun to take such gratifying form is due very largely to his logic, his eloquence and his earnestness of purpose. Indeed it was in this cause that he met his death. He attended the Boston banquet as the brilliant representative of the Southern people, and made one of his characteristic speeches there, sharing with ex-President Cleveland the honors of the occasion. It was on this mission that he was stricken by disease. In his own words, he felt talking for the South, even as his father felt fighting for it. And it is a fitting tribute to his memory that his battle for the land he loved was one whereof the weapons were reason, generosity, charity and love as opposed to the fire and sword of his father's strife. It was his fortune to lead a warm place in the hearts of all Southerners, not because he opposed or hated the North, but because he sought to bring the erstwhile antagonistic sections into that union of sentiment as well as of being which marks the typical republic. It may be well said of Henry W. Grady: "He was the foremost Southern man of his time."—Chicago Mail.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The late Robert Browning was very fond of using American phrases in conversation.

The first edition of Byron's rare "Waltz," of 1813, was bought not long ago by a London bookseller for \$350.

A statement is made on the best authority that the Czar of Russia has read George Kennan's papers on Siberia in the Century.

The novelist Bulwer's wife once wrote to Wilkie Collins that he did not know how to describe a villain: "Now," she said, "if you want a genuine villain, write up my husband."

William Dean Howells writes from 1,000 to 1,500 words daily, and after his pages have been copied on the typewriter he goes over them again, adding a word here and erasing a line there, until they are perfect.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes slowly and fastidiously, revising and correcting the most unimportant article with poetic care; all his articles before they reach the printer are written and rewritten at least three or four times.

Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, is short, but stout and robust. Like most Englishmen, he has a well-defined, rosy-beef-eating appearance. He wears a long, white patriarchal beard. He has a son married and settled in Virginia, and he is very proud of his American grandchildren.

William D. Howells believes with Anthony Trollope that a novelist should not more wait for inspiration in his work than a shoemaker or a tailor chandler. They both act upon the principle that writing novels is purely mechanical work, like writing lawyers' briefs, for instance, or book-keeping.

Frank R. Stockton has had a great deal of cheap fun poked at him for being "a rising young man of letters at the age of fifty-five." But it should be remembered that he had served a long and laborious apprenticeship to literature before he surprised the world with his fresh and original story, "The Lady or the Tiger."

Edward Lloyd, the proprietor of the Daily Chronicle and Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, London, not only makes the paper on which he prints his news, but also grows the grass from which the paper is made. The visitor to his office is shown a large photograph of his Algerian grass farm, with laborers busy gathering and packing esparto for his paper mills at Bow.

George William Curtis is described as "a bland gentleman with a clerical appearance, and looking as though he ought to part his hair in the middle." He stands five feet ten, wears English whiskers, and dapper light locks shade a handsome face. For twenty-eight years he has been the literary adviser of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, receiving the splendid salary of \$25,000 a year.

The French Academy gives a prize of 4,000 francs every year for the best verses upon whatever subject it may select. This year the assigned theme was labor, but of the 300 poets who entered the contest not one considered labor in any other light than that of pessimism. They all dwelt upon its pains, its hardships, its drudgery and its miseries, without once touching upon its benefits, its duties or its saving influences.

HUMOROUS.

Ethel—"What makes that man hold his head so high and strut about so?" Mother—"Why, didn't you observe him drop a copper in that blind organ-grinder's tin cup?"—Exchange.

Tired Child—"Mamma, how much did you put in the collection?" Mother—"A quarter, my dear. Why?" Tired child (gaping)—"Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money!"—Newport News.

"Why, my boy, you've spelt window without an n. Don't you know the difference between a window and a widow?" "Yes, sir. You can see through one—and—and—you can't see through the other, sir."—Punch.

Emma—"I guess you are a little fond of Mr. Boutwell, aren't you?" Nellie—"I don't know; what made you think so?" Emma—"I noticed at the whist party last night that whenever he lead a heart suit you always trumped and took it."—Kearney Enterprise.

Feminine Penetration.—Lily—"Dearest Sophie, do tell me what you think of my hat. Is this rose-color becoming to me?" "Oh, yes, it is just the color for you, dear." Lily (an hour later, to the maid)—"Take the rose-colored hat to the milliner's and tell her to change it for pearl gray."—Fliegende Blätter.

Justice—"So you are here again, are you?" Old Offender—"Yes, sir, as it please yer honor." Justice—"Charged with larceny again, I see." Old Offender—"Yes, sir, I'm sorry to say." Justice—"Why is it that you are brought up here so frequently charged with the theft of small sums?" Old Offender—"If yer honor will use yer influence to get me a job as confidential clerk, of my thry to git away with so much that nobody will make any throuble for me."—America.

Change of Heart.—Socialistic Mob—"Bring him out! Hang him! Down mit monopoly! Inventor (putting his head out of the window)—"Goodness me! What does this mean?" Mob Spokesman—"You moost die! Ve hear you invent a machine vat de do work of von boondret men. You dake bread out of dere mouths; you—Inventor—"This machine of mine is an attachment for breweries, and will bring beer down to one cent a glass." Mob (wildly)—"Hoorsy!"—N. Y. Weekly.

In the "Dry-Goods Emporium."—Mr. Figg—"Well, have you selected that five cents' worth of ribbon yet?" Mrs. Figg—"No, not yet. Did you get tired of waiting outside?" Mr. Figg—"O, no. I have been around to the office and cleared seven hundred dollars in a real-estate deal since you came in here." Mrs. Figg (calmly)—"Indeed. Then we will just buy that new silk dress I have been wanting so long." And Mr. Figg stood on one foot and reflected all to himself that there were times when a man got really and entirely too smart for his own good.—Terre Haute Express.

SHERMAN'S SCHEME.

The Only Object Is to Make a Text for Bloody-Shirt Speeches.

Senator Sherman has reintroduced his Federal Election bill, in substantially the same form as a year ago. Briefly summarized, it takes the control of the election of Congressmen entirely away from the people of a State, and turns it over to canvassing and electoral boards appointed for life by the President. Of course the Northern States will not submit to such treatment. Indeed, all that it seems necessary to say about the scheme was so well said a year ago by the Worcester Spy, that we reprint its comments as covering the whole ground:

Senator Sherman's plan would establish a new and distinct system of registration and election in every State, entirely independent of and separate from the State election system; and this intrusion of an external authority and substitution of a novel and separate election machinery for that which is familiar, established by State authority, and conducted by local officers, would be unwelcome and irritating everywhere, and not least in those States and communities where elections have always been conducted with substantial fair-

WOOLEN UNDERCLOTHING.

Why It Should Be Worn in Summer as Well as in Winter.

Without going so far as to say that every article of a man's apparel ought to be of woolen, it is an undisputed fact that this material is the best suited for underclothing, either in winter or summer. And the reasons are not far to seek. Neither linen or cotton is capable of protecting the body from external heat in the summer, nor of conserving the warmth of the body in winter, because, being good conductors of heat, they allow it to permeate. Wool, on the other hand, is a non-conductor; and there is little doubt that the death rate in this country would be greatly reduced, and the wards of the hospitals for diseases of the chest less crowded, were woolen garments to be worn by young and old.

But to parody the words of an ancient advertisement, when we ask for wool we should see that we get it. Two kinds of articles will be placed on the counter before the intending purchaser—a cheap and a dear. The latter, however, will be the cheaper in the long run, for ten to one the former is a well-put-together mixture of cotton and wool. It is easy to show any one how to tell such a mixture at a glance almost, but difficult to describe on paper, so the novice in this matter should take some one with him, or, when going to shop, and should pay a fair price and deal only with respectable tradesmen.

Beware of wearing dyed fannels next to the skin. I know there is a great run on red, but this color is just as likely to contain poisonous matter as any other. Silk for the undergarments of men with tender skins has much to recommend it, though it takes but second place to wool. Then, in point of cold-resisting qualities, comes merino. This may be worn next the skin by men wearing the time-honored linen shirt. The underest or semmet must not be of dyed material.

Another thing may be said in favor of woolen underclothing—it keeps up the healthful action of the skin far better than any other material can.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

WOOLEN UNDERCLOTHING.

Why It Should Be Worn in Summer as Well as in Winter.

Without going so far as to say that every article of a man's apparel ought to be of woolen, it is an undisputed fact that this material is the best suited for underclothing, either in winter or summer. And the reasons are not far to seek. Neither linen or cotton is capable of protecting the body from external heat in the summer, nor of conserving the warmth of the body in winter, because, being good conductors of heat, they allow it to permeate. Wool, on the other hand, is a non-conductor; and there is little doubt that the death rate in this country would be greatly reduced, and the wards of the hospitals for diseases of the chest less crowded, were woolen garments to be worn by young and old.

But to parody the words of an ancient advertisement, when we ask for wool we should see that we get it. Two kinds of articles will be placed on the counter before the intending purchaser—a cheap and a dear. The latter, however, will be the cheaper in the long run, for ten to one the former is a well-put-together mixture of cotton and wool. It is easy to show any one how to tell such a mixture at a glance almost, but difficult to describe on paper, so the novice in this matter should take some one with him, or, when going to shop, and should pay a fair price and deal only with respectable tradesmen.

Beware of wearing dyed fannels next to the skin. I know there is a great run on red, but this color is just as likely to contain poisonous matter as any other. Silk for the undergarments of men with tender skins has much to recommend it, though it takes but second place to wool. Then, in point of cold-resisting qualities, comes merino. This may be worn next the skin by men wearing the time-honored linen shirt. The underest or semmet must not be of dyed material.

Another thing may be said in favor of woolen underclothing—it keeps up the healthful action of the skin far better than any other material can.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

WOOLEN UNDERCLOTHING.

Why It Should Be Worn in Summer as Well as in Winter.

Without going so far as to say that every article of a man's apparel ought to be of woolen, it is an undisputed fact that this material is the best suited for underclothing, either in winter or summer. And the reasons are not far to seek. Neither linen or cotton is capable of protecting the body from external heat in the summer, nor of conserving the warmth of the body in winter, because, being good conductors of heat, they allow it to permeate. Wool, on the other hand, is a non-conductor; and there is little doubt that the death rate in this country would be greatly reduced, and the wards of the hospitals for diseases of the chest less crowded, were woolen garments to be worn by young and old.

But to parody the words of an ancient advertisement, when we ask for wool we should see that we get it. Two kinds of articles will be placed on the counter before the intending purchaser—a cheap and a dear. The latter, however, will be the cheaper in the long run, for ten to one the former is a well-put-together mixture of cotton and wool. It is easy to show any one how to tell such a mixture at a glance almost, but difficult to describe on paper, so the novice in this matter should take some one with him, or, when going to shop, and should pay a fair price and deal only with respectable tradesmen.

Beware of wearing dyed fannels next to the skin. I know there is a great run on red, but this color is just as likely to contain poisonous matter as any other. Silk for the undergarments of men with tender skins has much to recommend it, though it takes but second place to wool. Then, in point of cold-resisting qualities, comes merino. This may be worn next the skin by men wearing the time-honored linen shirt. The underest or semmet must not be of dyed material.

Another thing may be said in favor of woolen underclothing—it keeps up the healthful action of the skin far better than any other material can.—Cassell's Family Magazine.